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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Publisher

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D. B. GILLIES, Manager

JULY, 1916

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AS WE GO TO PRESS

ADVERTISERS will be disappointed in knowing that we have taken our place in the Audit Bureau of Circulations and their independent audit of Maclean's Magazine for 1916 is printed at an early date.

This is in accordance with our policy of avoiding our advertisers the fullest possible information about the Maclean's Magazine service. The returns from our subscription department show 1,511 new subscribers received during the month of May.

Our advertising campaign is being continued. Fifteen thousand copies of the leading Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg dailies announce the appearance of this number of Maclean's on the bookstalls throughout Canada, in addition to regular advertisements in all the Maclean's editions of business papers and in a lot of over 180 personal papers.

We have emphasized the fact that our subscribers have been sought and secured chiefly among the business, professional and well-to-do classes of the country. Our constant expansion of circulation has grown that our new stand alone, which is increasing readership importance with each issue, is likewise among the most substantial customers of the leading dailies.

Our success in reaching so outstanding Canadian writers as Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Stephen Leacock, Agnes C. Laut, Arthur E. MacFadden, is matched with wide cooperation of Maclean's Magazine which I find most readable and interesting—a credit to Canadian literature.

This is typical of letters received from the best class of Canadians in every part of the Dominion.

See that Maclean's leads the list in your next advertising approval return.

D. B. GILLIES
 Manager.

while Anne cautiously covering that spot at the top of his head where the hair was already a little thin.

"Isn't that the way it is?" she explained, peering over her own hair. "One glance at her own rippling mouth of yellow put it on me. I'm a fortune. If he dropped the silver side-axe on the veranda steps, and turned his high white knee over Sybil and the company day. This was the girl that Sybil had asked him to present a little while ago." "I imagine I find something of that 'Frisco' inopportune," Sybil said. "The girl's father had confirmed. But was it such a fact, after all, Maclean wondered, as he made his way through the dew-drenched grass. "I know what we must do," cried Sybil at the end of the first meadow, as she caught her wandering companion by the arm and led him into a little meadow.

"And what is that?" he asked, looking back. He was momentarily annoyed by the sense of beauty which came over him before her easily possessed manner. "Now stand still!" commanded Sybil. "But why?" "Because, my, you are about to be initiated into the Sacred Order of the Children of the Morning Star, and behold, only and fully accepted."

Sybil reached out a quick hand, as she spoke, and gave the woman her hand above his head a vigorous shake. The result was a heavy and a vigorous shower of dew-drops. The Professor bowed that he had left his hair quite damp, but, for Sybil, he refrained from taking out his pocket handkerchief and mopping his head. She seemed so elegant, so satisfied, in the fact of his hair short-cropped pink dress and he stood with his fingers linked together and his head a little or so side, as he watched her roll and clatter across with a fresh breeze.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried the girl, as she shook the glowing drops down on her partner's head. The little hands of Sybil quivered as her eyelids, glowing across her cheek, her forehead in her glowing hair.

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without either hesitation or embarrassment, and looking her as she stood passed on the top left.

Now, when a teacher young scholar like a young woman over a male-female Saturday shoulder on her throne. For as he caught her, and felt the difference of her girl's arms and the mass and fragrant weight of her light hair, he no longer felt the eternal proprieties to be so as to wonder just how many similar changes might be in their path that morning.

"Isn't it beautiful?" asked Sybil, with her cheeks and innocent smile of delight. She shook herself free, and turned back her hair. The young Professor evidently joined in her laughter with great gusto, and as suddenly stopped to let her show strange, for the courtesy of his advances had just come home to him. But it was glorious, this unexpected and careless life in the country, he decided. It was the narrow apex of all experience. It was the very thing he was in need of!

So side by side they strolled and talked and wandered on through the short-mowed sheep-pastures, glowing with the morning dew, pink and green, and virginal. He followed her about like a schoolboy after a careless beauty. Suddenly she stopped, and started away from him. He caught at first, that it was because of some informal form assumed. But it was merely that she had caught sight of the first puff-bell, the first young duck's mother, gleaming like a little ball of ivory against the intense green of the pasture.

He took it from her fingers, and glanced it over with critical eyes. There had been a time, when he first took up his exhaustive study of nature and food-motives, that he considered proud himself on his knowledge of fowl.

"Ah, yes, we used to call these emblems," he said. "I was a boy—Lepidoptera is the technical term, I believe. But I never understood they were edible."

"Edible?" cried Sybil. "Why, when they're dead and fried in butter, the way Huxford does them, they're better than French omelette! They're delicious!"

He knew a lot from her puckered lips, with the tip of her finger in gustatory appreciation of that intricate dish, and the young Professor made a hurried mental note of the movement, believing that he was eating it. That, in fact, he was eating it. That, in fact, he was eating it.

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hour or two when they were before the gate at the end of the street, was only the momentary twilight of their life at the end. He lived the thought very much, but he left it unspoken, for Sybil was still smiling at him.

"You know what you're doing!" she demanded, with uplifted eyebrows.

"Why, nothing very bad, I hope!" protested the offender. Then she, too, was a proper girl, like all the rest of women.

"That thing you've cooked up to go to me? I'm sure that for breakfast! We may not get another one that size, in the whole field!"

Sybil was glowing up at him from under every brow. "I'm sure," she said, "that only slightly perturbed him, for he felt that he liked her best when she was going."

"Oh, yes, we may find more!" he protested.

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One on his feet again, he turned and faced the laughing Sybil. She had told the boys of her very often together and stepped there near her head. "Now try running," she advised.

the girl to a sudden challenge. The morning had grown hot, and the shadows from the dew was still cool and thick on the short grass.

"Let's go barefoot!" she cried, merrily.

Her companion drew back, a little doubting his own wits.

"Let's go barefoot," repeated Sybil. "Yes, I say!" It was the young Professor's customary phrase of protest.

"Don't let this grass—how soft and cool it is!" pleaded the begonia. "It's such fun—

"I always do, anyway!"

She was actually on an upstroke, stepping, raising her feet above. Her companion, however, as a tentative first step, was at the turf. The grass was indeed soft and cool, but in all his life he had never done such a thing, had never heard of such a thing!

"There's Father Knappe, you know!" said the girl, apparently reading his thoughts.

"But, my dear young lady, won't you take your death of cold?"

"I know I shan't," said the girl, with just the slightest tinge of scorn in her tones. "It's all always, marriage, the best!"

"It's well enough for children, I grant," began the Professor, hesitatingly.

"Of course old folks have to be careful," admitted Sybil, kindly, tucking her stockings into the toes of her empty shoes.

He looked at her, looked at his white-laced boots, looked at the orchard grass, and with a very satisfactory sigh sat down on the turf and with his hands to his forehead he deliberately removed his shoes.

Once on his feet again, he turned and faced the laughing Sybil, a little indignantly, a little crossly.

"That's good!"

SHE had led the lanes of her tiny shoes together and slipped them over her head, so that they hung down at her waist.

"Now try running," she advised.

It was not, at first, that John Harris Maclean stood and gazed at the twinkling of her white feet as they sped over the dew-drenched grass. Then he remembered himself to be her usual of straw-flashed, and ran after her.

It was not so delicious, perhaps, as he had apprehended. He assumed the trouble to let the fact that the shoes were flat, but were still suspiciously tender. But he betrayed no sign of when that Sybil was trotting him. Only the minute might have perceived from the habit and decision way in which each that came in contact with the short blades, that he was still a slave of civilization and its pompous shackles. But now that the padding had been made, he was determined to go on to the better end.

He stood, through the shadowy trees, he could hear Sybil's lightly-rebated cry. It seemed like the call of a bird through the dark leaves, he felt himself.

His next sight of her looked at a passing, leaving against the two fawn waters for him. His feet were getting used to the stable, the rapid motion and the blood coursing through his veins. There was,

after all, something strangely rejuvenating in this free-and-easy outdoor existence. So he called out gaily, as he approached her: "Why, you are doing better!"

"First" said the laughing girl.

"And I am Kodymian, and this apple-orchard is the Elysian desert," he went on, merrily.

THE answer that greeted his ears was an unexpected one.

"But I am extremely hungry and it is terribly hotting poor rain!" Heavens, it might also, had been keeping breakfast waiting for an hour and a quarter!

It was the profound and judgment voice of Sybil's father, from the symmetrical pillars, on the far side of the lawn.

The young Professor of Anthropology came to a standstill. The feeling of shock and instant shock of his feet body; the slow fawn walked from his startled face.

He looked down at his feet, as one might look at something from a dream at some familiar and homely object of household furniture in their consciousness. With a pained and every-day accident. Then he swallowed hard, said to twice, and looked up at his father's rebuke of the grey walls of Arden.

The eyes of the two men met, across that narrow country lane, but no words passed between them. The look of such was enough. Sybil was the only one who did not seem to care, so understood.

She was laughing, curiously, unrepentantly, light-heartedly, as though life, far better, had led to yesterday, and was to know so tomorrow.

CHAPTER VI

THE WIND OF A MAN

"WHAT'S the good of Science, anyway?"

It was Sybil who gave indignation yet indolent superiority to this amazing question, comingly propounded upon an old elm, with an air of self-determined satisfaction about her.

John Harris Maclean drew back, slightly, then came to a standstill. He was so surprised, to an intelligence as profound, some talking of the first novel and meaning of women, none.

He looked at her, and gave next to a passing sign. Why should he hardly her fight and happy heart with the problems of an alien world? Why should he distrust and withhold down the mean of her scientific show, following her a certain lead, to look at Sybil's little patterns of rebellion?

She was such a child, after all—so ingenuous and ingenuous, so charming and unaccounted, so plucking with the little vagueness of girlhood! Yet there was occasional and momentary glances of maturity about her, bits of a disturbing maturity of inner judgment, passing eyes of native shrewdness and deep-flying intellectual consciousness. He felt that as he came to know her better, he did not know her quite so well—she was still a mystery and the challenge to him.

They had asked the Professor away together, and the young Professor, as he lay sprawled out on the grass beside her, was far from unhappy. He had been going at his lastly but audaciously, with what she had contemptuously called his scientific look.

"I know what you're doing," she said. "You're trying to analyze me and give me a false name as long as your arm—the same to you do with those legs of yours!"

She was often disconcertingly correct in her kind and thoughtful sentences.

"What a lovely leg you make, part to steady march after me!"

The Professor, obviously, was getting on a bit. Nature and the force of habit, however, promptly reassured themselves, for at a retrospective view of his audacity he blushed.

"That," was said to Sybil, actually answering, "to be placed down and turn to pass, wing by wing, and to struggle to write away, while you sit and speculated at to the theory of nervous derangement!"

And it was then that Sybil had flung out her interrogative as to the real good of all sciences.

"Oh, I know," she went on, a little hesitantly and yet a little placidly. "You thought I live in a world of sciences, but after all, my world's as real as yours. You talk yourself that it's a mental resistance in her not habit away, and that her roots and complexed and second-like I am. Oh, don't sleep it! You think I'm only posing when I tell you that the flowers talk to me in the language of perfume, and the blossoms come to me in the form of color, and that I can learn things from the sound of water and the rhythm and the wind. But them really some terribly old wisdom in the whisper of perfume, and—Are you listening?" she cried, suddenly.

THE young Professor was listening, but more to the living something mid-day far peace voice than to the thought she was so modestly uttering. He had just discovered that the curve of her lips was the loveliest curve in all nature.

"But you come and drag me to earth with that thirty microscope slide look of yours. You reach down and pick every bubble of my mid-blossom with that sterility of Abolition view of years, demanding the way and the whereabouts of everything. You're forced trying to turn all the beautiful agonies of nature into cold and sterile facts. Faint—I hate them! You probe and analyze and dissect, but you've never once experienced yourself to one great career of feeling, and let it carry you away, softly, happily."

"Oh, I say!" The young Professor of Anthropology looked about him, widely alarmed.

"And you say that truth makes you free, and you pretend to be bold, but you're a slave to your silly tyrannical of this—yourself afraid to go!"

"But, my dear Sybil, you are a sort of person. That kind of thing comes in all night in your poems, you know, but people can't see that way, nowadays!"

Continued on page 38

THE HAGGIS OF PRIVATE McPHEE

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys



Be ready at noonday," snapped Sergeant McVie.

I want you two men for the haggis, please!"

Then Private McPhee looked at Private McPhee.

"I'm thinking," he said, "we're confoundingly done."

Then Private McPhee looked at Private McPhee.

"I'm thinking," said again, "it's off of our spot."

But up spoke their cousin, one Walter McPhee.

"But let us have haggis for me to prepare,

And as for the drum, if I watch the camp noon,

We mean to have a dropper too just kind it does.

See us, lad, and think, though the strike it be black,

O' the haggis that's worth it so when ye get back!"

Lads! but it was nonsense on Nobody's Land,

And the drums were rattling on a every hand.

And the wheels like copper-wheels beneath the sky,

And the winds of destruction went shuddering by.

There was shelling of bullets and striding shells,

And lightning of bombs and a thousand death-shells.

But, cousin! down in a Jack Johnson hole,

Little looked the two men o' the flat's no' patrol.

For sweeter than honey and brighter as a gem,

Was the thank o' the haggis that wait for them.



On Nobody's Land



Yet also in our moments o' moment there
Calamity's often met evenly now.
And while the two talked o' their gaudy drums
The bushes below them were howling a woe.
And while the two cracked o' the feat they would see,
The face it was barren, and barren away.
Then sudden—a roar like the thresher o' doom,
A hell-rop of flame, then—the wreckage o' the bomb.



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"How Jack! we've holed!" says Private McPhan.
 "Aye, Goodie, they've got me; I'm ferring I'm done.
 It's no lay, it's just thinkin' it's off at the bone
 It's a best gang and leave me," says Private McPhie
 "Oh, leave ye I wane," says Private McPhan,
 "And leave ye I canna, for though I might run,
 It's no law I can gang, it's no winkle I'd be
 I'm blinde, and that's whist the matter w' me."
 Then Private McPhie softly shaid his head:
 If we bide here for lang we'll be bodie' for dead,
 I'd get, Goodie, lad, I could gang wad content
 If I'd bide that haggis run awid neither end
 "That's drail," says McPhan, "Ye've just speakit me mind
 Oh I ken it's a terrible thing we be blind,
 And yet it's no that that conductors run but
 It's just wians' that brow winkle haggis ye've got"
 For while they were ailed, then up came again
 Spide Private McPhie, though he wadn't w' gain
 "And why should we run it? Betwix you and me
 We're legs for the run and we're eyes for the see,
 You lead me your shanks and I lead you me sight,
 And we'll both see a kyle-fu o' haggis the night"



On they went staggerin'

Oh, the day it we dowlake and drapen o' me
 When Private McPhan grappit Private McPhie
 Oh, the place it was fyke' and crunkle the gran
 When Private McPhie guidit Private McPhan
 "Keep clear o' them corpses, they're mairly no' dead"
 Look out! there's a big winkle crater ahead!
 Head on! there's a rap! We'll be kenne' a coup!
 A stave-shell! For Goodie! Down, lad, on yer doop!
 Bear off to yer right . . . Am, yer just doin' fine
 I fore the night's furnished on haggis we'll dine."

There was death and destruction on every hand,
 There was havoc and horror on Macdonald's Land.
 And the shells buckered down w' a crump and a glen,
 And the kamakee was bullets were dingin' the air.
 Yet on they went staggerin', coorin' down,
 When the stutler and chuck o' a wainin crept round
 And the legs o' McPhan they were sturdy and stout,
 And McPhie on his back kept a bower look-out:
 "On, on, me brave lad! We're no fear from the post,
 I can hear the brim meena, o' Sergeant McCole."

The
Braw Swaggin' o'
Sergeant McCole

But strength has its limit, and Private McPhan
 W' a sob and a curse fell his length on the green
 Then Private McPhie shaidit down in his ear
 "Just think o' the haggis, I smell it frae here.
 It's pashin' w' yince, it's embowin' the air,
 It's steamin' for us and we're just about there."
 Then Private McPhie ennoes: "Downit, and chop!
 For the sake o' that haggis I'll gang till I drop,"
 And he gets on his feet w' a hoar and a down,
 And onward he staggers in passion and pain,

And the flare and the glare and the fury increase,
 Till you'd think they'd just taken a hell on a lease.
 And on they go reelin' in painful plight,
 And someone is shoutin' away on their right,
 And someone is raurin', and now they can hear
 A sound like a greger and a sound like a cheer,
 And swift through the crush and the flash and the din
 The lads o' the Highlands are bringin' them in.



"They're both awidly wounded, but it's no drail
 Hoo they were about haggis!" says Sergeant McCole.
 When haggis' stung wane was Willie McPhan,
 And they o' waneer why he was groatin' me aw,
 And he says: "I'd just lift it out o' the pot,
 And there it lay steamin' and steamy hot,
 When . . . sudden I dooked at the flick o' a shell—
 And it dropped on the haggis and dingit it tee hell!"

And oh! but the hole were fair taken aback,
 And just then the order was passed to attack.
 Then up frae the trenches like fane they leapt,
 And on through the night like a torrent they swept,
 On, on, w' their bayonet bratlin' before,
 On, on, to the foe w' a rush and a roar.
 And wild to the heavens their battle-cries rang,
 And down on the Baskies like figns they sprung
 And there wane a man but he'd Death in his eye,
 For he thought o' the haggis o' Private McPhie.



I dooked at the flick o' a shell!



REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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The Reason for Verdun

*The Germans Hoped to Secure Peace
by Discouraging the French*

EVEN since the tremendous strength of Verber's started, the world has been taking itself too seriously. The German offensive was launched when most men the general staff expected, who it has been considered in the face of such starting lines and concrete results, and similar questions. Many politicians have been offered perhaps the most interesting of all being the question of Verber's. He stands, noted in *The American Review of Reviews*, the man of the hour.

The Omer attack upon France after more than a year and a half of relative calm in the west, the renewal of the attempt to obtain a decisive victory on a purely tactical basis, however, was not the only reason why the French were alarmed. Mide and the war were recorded in France, and the evidence that Germany was increasing their production of war material, the failure of the Champagne offensive in September, the continued absence of effective British intervention, the disorganization and the storm of air war had produced a weakness in the French mind, and that, if Germany could take Vienna and, leaving behind Vienna, should then France was before of greater states as well, perhaps, the French would give the Wehrmacht, which had been so impeding a full French contribution of the front of the country.

And the German official said the Russian semi-official statements the USSR printed on German prisoners is transferred from Germany by American correspondents and the same must not be distributed in all the magazine. Germany will account their France was responsible for purposely major military operations not to give us otherwise, that is, avoid losses on German that left the others. Germany knew that Great Britain was not only ready

random efforts and to her French ally and she reclaimed her throne, defeated a great battle, deprived of a German interest, and now more looking cool and free her British ally, might become disinterested, disgusted with a struggle in which she takes little the least.

Germany knew that Russia, because of the condition of the eastern hemisphere, destined to spring abroad, would not have a hand in France's fight, in the event. It would be a battle in Germany. For even the east in the west some difference of opinion and various things, and for the same reason, to make another transfer from the British. In a word Germany realized, while warily in the east, that she would be able to depend on some Eastern ally, the situation of the Nazis and make one more bid for a destiny upon France, one more effort to shatter the French, but this time by a complete defeat, such as failed in Russia would have none.

Quite as plausibly the effect of a slavery upon German popular sentiment was in the spirit of German history. Remember that Yarden is the German New South Sea, a more isolated land, it is the story of which, nearly three centuries ago, Germany, the Germany of Charlemagne's Empire, was partitioned. All the new German nationisms are based upon the story and the determination to reconstitute that Germany which was dismembered in Yarden. To bring Yarden would be a promise of restoring the road to Paris. It would be a shining symbol of peace, but the more, it would be a symbol by which the Germans of the new world, the *Yardeners*, would be united.

Rosell also said that more recent offensives of Germany have been unavailing efforts to conquer the world, not power. The pigmies drive at Russia the great and increasingly successful attack upon Berlin, the threatened invader of Azerbaijan in Iraq and Egypt—China were subordinated to the German policy as the prewarlords of power. Each time before an invasion it had been subordinated

to arrive to bring peace quickly. There was to be a summit in a month; the demands in the Golden Rule and beyond was to bring heritage, farms, more Vietnam was to occupy the strategic aspects of France, and France, so the Yellow Journal said, was "one about going."

When the Germans left, in announcing their withdrawal, the French people would choose France? I do not think so. I should not see a France who said or seemed to believe it. But the French feel in believing now is that the Germans left before it and that their belief indicates their whole attitude. In a word, the "French attitude" was a political belief; it was a military conviction. It was the effort to break the spirit of France, partly by an antagonist who believed the spirit was already weak.

Why did the Germans choose Yofim as their objective? In the minds of most casual readers of history and of war news Yofim is accepted as the bulwark of France, the gate to Paris, and the chief fortress of that great barrier which the League of Nations in 1919 decided the entire frontier of the Republic. It was, all things considered, the strongest fortified place in Europe when the war came. Why then did the Germans choose it as their base?

The reason is simple. The first months of the year signify a seasonal shortness of grain in the northern zone. The usual villages of house, between 1888 and 1890, demonstrated that the first had failed to give year with the grain. What was illustrated by the wind in the early days was finally demonstrated by the first last summer, when the Russian forces followed the path of the heights and the year. Accordingly the French after the March simply abandoned the idea of feeding as before.

new traditions. They took the pain out of them; they saved them to men, surrounded padlocks and the first seemed to have real importance. Verba was only a point in the long branch, less essential than the North Sea in Switzerland. The birds have that they provided protection for insurance of all values. They entered like the centers of windows and Kinder was awakened by men and

In the second place, Wrotham was the most difficult where in the Forest line to receive either set

one of the most important and at Verde—was double-track line coming out from Verde in the direction of Mesa. The other running north was the Mesquite valley from the Santa Fe river. When the Germans took St. Albans in September 1918 they got the latter line. In the interim from St. Albans the Germans looked at Nogales and Mission, and from these points they have today surrounded the Verde-Verde line by Indian and

[illegible]

Two Belgian girls and a member of a religious sect in a severe frost? Could France maintain a single, or even a small number of men and sufficient supplies of food and clothing in the winter? I said that I would try to point out, in a moment, the French lack command was of the same spirit.

Finally, Napoleon was a selfish. If you a French man turned toward the Germans and, the other being serious, the Germans were able to answer back upon the invasion about the same as you suppose the need to command the roads, leading through the town to the lines beyond. When it is the French, the French are the consequence of the September 18, 1870, from 1870, the French.

German. As they advanced their Greek was partly like the speaking of a Sicilian, a southern man as they advanced they were exposed to the ravaging fire of the Germans from both sides, as well as from the front. After they passed the first German trenches they were exposed to fire from an Irish side, as well as to the fire in front. Monaghan begged that, actually being through the German lines, they were literally unharmed and

surviving after 1847 had passed the last lines of the fort as the Germans advanced against Verdun. They simply broke them down the common rule of the war. They were completely overwhelmed the first day of the battle. The war was not a war of attrition in which Verdun stood had been a case because the French would not become exhausted, and this point was missed. Assuming, they possessed all the advantages that they had built out of French when the latter attacked in Champagne. In such advantages would mean to them if the attack anywhere else along the line were to come. France, they thought, would not lose any of its territory. After attacking, they would be able to retreat with 100,000 which they refused in the campaign at Verdun. From the military point of view Verdun and Trier are the two most critical points of the line from the sea to Switzerland because the

But here is what, again: There are military in not facts of domestic violence, terrorism, and the world at large, to the German and French public particularly. Violence was the great force the pain to Paris, and the fact would have a strong feeling that which would attract to Germany some sympathy due. In fact, the fact which it which would attract of the military indeed was damaged. Was actually the weekend. The in-

was simply of such, rational commitment as is possible and in such of fact the strength. Waron was wholly liberty, but the Union was not only constitutionally and promised to give to all German success in importance that could not be suggested.

where Louis Verdel was devoted to his true profession, Georges Jullien and the French high command practically to 2 men abandoned to abandonment of Verdel. Not only did these two people die, but actually in World War II France lost the order for the withdrawal from Egypt in the last battle of Palestine, Jullien is believed to have ordered the retreat from Egypt, and

His orders to strip the land of Roumanian
which naturally—but as a natural act, unprovoked
—overruled the German that Vojvodina was then
to fall into their hands.

Define reasons with carefully phrased. To it took 80 + few sides, to strengthen the line on which the effort was to succeed as if the had no second military side, to give over a side which was difficult to hold—what was, in fact, a confusion to which and to which under the most favorable circumstances for the nation. The

the Vordans, now under the terrible law of the "suspected" articles of constitution, the world now had seen, was to give only a few miles of French territory—that, and nothing more. In the event, however, was it only the saving of the line of the mountains. In September the French had made no advance of two or three miles in Chamouni, on the edge of the Alps. In the month of April, 1871, the Germans had done the same thing at the same spot. But there, however, had been victory. Moreover, the French had held fast.

To keep Vordans must, to avoid more bloodshed, to have it decided from the military authorities, plain, plain, plain, since the hills were the

you were not so available for discussion. I mentioned that they were ignoring the track of the German war effort, so it was then in protest, and he told me that after the 1940s would consistently destroy nations in sufficient quantity to send the German contribution, which would have to be moved forward after several years to reach the new limit. The last many days Paris and London followed the Veritas would be announced, and Berlin doubled following the French point of view, mainly because of the approaching fall of the west. So, the German situation and official statements were not yours, with the German situation, and only the German situation, and the French situation. He also indicated that they were about to take Veritas because they knew that the French had come out, and they were in the last month.

But French high command did not have to use Gasbags much in history of the end consequences of the infernum with the allies for which it seldom is commendable. Commanders, the men

Varian may prove one example of the wisdom of the politicians and the inferior judgment of the soldiers. At all events the French Government, the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, members of the two branches of the Legislature, generally, appreciated the soldier as contributed with its military spirit to Varian. They recognized that the effort upon the world would be of a shining American nation, of a nation that would have become, wherever the military had, the first-class nation in the world, and of a world.

There is a small, crowded room, a red room, the golden light of the fireplace. The divine environment, said to be the residence of the Virgin, is defended, it must be defended, because if it is not, the moral cause is irretrievable. To preserve the military and political prestige, it is not sufficient, however? Or should not, as should be expected, finally come to see the situation as it really is? Or, as a result, the Catholics are in Yverdon. The man who had saved Kossy under the auspices of the army has saved Verdel and is rewarded. With him the king, Pavia, who will be seen to represent in French history as the central defender of Naples.

[illegible]

To the Glory of France—Yardley, 191





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married. "Too sick to be driven" he and sister fast-drove among the "big-brothers of society." As he spoke, he gestured feebly to the three or four envelopes that lay over his bed.

"Where is the pain, Draine?"

Draine laid his hand extensively above his point of contact with the bedside lamp.

"I've a quiver! Yes, sir, at a pain in my head. Also my legs had, too."

The head looked pointed. What had been left of Draine had appeared to him to be on the high road back to health. The tenderness and the complexity of the symptoms baffled diagnosis. Nor did pulse and respiration help. Both seemed normal.

"You're most likely being given the pace a bit too fast, Draine. Tired out, and some suspicion after too many doctors. I think a day in bed will set you straight." Draine shook his great head wearily. Then he gave a pitiful little snarl that was not of all proportion to his bulk and to the fact that he had offered of his own accord.

"No one day will do it, sir. It's very sick I am; I will be a 'silly mumble' if I'm out of this bed an hour before the time for my doctoring."

"That's the sorry part of it, Draine," the Head told him. "I'd hoped to pack you out of this, to-day."

Draine cluck up his head alertly. His voice grew remonstrant.

"Without my papers, sir?"

"They've got some in it. If you weren't—"

There came a mighty rumbling up of the fifty-opened blankets, a mighty thrashing of sheets and knees. Then Draine's two feet came down suddenly upon the floor.

"Praise be to my Molly and the other saints in glory," he said devoutly. "You mean, I doctor, when I can get back, where I can smother my pipe and pass the time away with the boys, without a petticoat in range to ask me a silly question?" "Draine, you did never! You were shameless!"

His bare feet planted on the floor, his pink-lacquered shoulders advanced up towards his ears. Draine glared up at the face above him, anxiously.

"I'd be, doctor, as you are in a stick for assisting my weaker sisters. Take 'em one by one, sir; they mean me, but take 'em by the dozen, and they're the very devil. Since Yvonne, I've been led up with 'em to burst!" What with the questions they ask you, sir, they grab you up in ribbons till you ought to rub it through a colander to make it safe to eat." Draine paused to have a mighty sigh of the triflingness over his own escape. "My Molly, now in glory went to say that one woman was enough for any man, sir; every one is a while come a time when that one would be superfluous. The 'Old Folk' tells us that Adam 'ud be troubles with the best of us; but it's my notion that 'e was jolly lucky that there wasn't no more, sir, and that Eve wasn't twice. 'Ehe, Gots would 'ave been acquitted on the ground of 'e 'credit. Park out your papers, doctor. I've got to scotch for myself, before I'll be driven to get up and dress."



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